Warfarin wanted to know how it was any of Johnny's business.

Johnny said it was his duty as a Citizen of the Reich.

Warfarin simpered. He was finally getting the recognition he deserved. He was PUBLIC ENEMY!

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Johnny was talking to Josef outside Asylum Donuts about the atrocities he experienced at the National Socialist-run LOVE CAMPS INCORPORATED.

Josef was still in the denial stage. Sure, he knew the counselors were mainly a bunch of war criminals who infiltrated the Satrapy in the 50s giving yet another meaning to Thing Street Asylum.

Yes, he'd heard about the Mimico Solution.

Their experiments that did not work out were buried three deep in unmarked graves in a quiet park overlooking beautiful Lake Hogtarry at Thing Street Mimico.

Still, he reasoned, they weren't nearly as bad as George Bush and HE was a REPUBLICAN!

Johnny said they were just a bunch of early boomers. Like Elvira! She would have made a great National Socialist. Living in a compound, peering out the window from the plush back seat of her chauffeured limosouine at the locos eating shade-grown melons on the front steps of her slave cabin. Her value system was in her clothing, totally antebellum Fascist.

Elvira exploited every perverted schtick. Machine to machine. Internet of things. Johnny figured she automated her cunt wirelessly with a bunch of Radio Shack sensors like every other cheap device that didn't work. Inadvertent blessing.

She was an unsustainable developper. Unbearable, really.

Warfarin was on the patio, listening in. Waiting to talk to Johnny.

Josef wondered if Johnny followed popular culture. Because he thought it was exhausted.

Thinking of the thing Store, Johnny agreed.

Vinyl records were back. That was the first time a medium had returned and replaced what had displaced it.

Johnny couldn't help having mixed feelings about that. It had never really gone. Hard as he'd tried, he'd never got rid of it in the first place, and now it was coming back worse than ever.

It was strictly boutique business, recycling reversed. Johnny's Thing Store as Art Gallery. Things that should have gone to landfill, elevated as art.

It pissed him off. Hipsters stealing his Schtick!

That confirmed it. There was nothing new. Popular culture was on the skids, and it was trash to begin with.

Josef took off for the Thing Store. He said there was one just like it up on Spoor West. If he'd known, he'd never have bothered. Since he was here, he'd check it out. That store.